

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 25.

THE HAPLESS ONES.

The beautiful and feeling verses annexed are from the gifted pen of Mrs. Sigourney. Her muse is most vigorous and effective on subjects like the present. Indeed, what heart, capable of poetic inspiration, would be untouched by such a scene as is here recorded?

She "upon whose soul affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid"—to quote the well-chosen language of the writer—is Julia Brace, the interesting girl resident at the Asylum, who is at once deaf, dumb, and blind. Our readers will remember an affecting account of this desolate yet contented fellow-being, contained in No. 7 of the last volume of the *Atlas*.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter and poetry.—*Boat. Cent.*

"Hartford, Monday, June 3, 1833.

DR. HOWE: My dear Sir—Will you permit me to prove to you the impression made on my feelings by your graphic description of the meeting of your pupils with those of our Asylum—by sending you a few stanzas which were thus prompted? I have also copied them this morning for the Editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany* in this city, hoping they might aid in leading towards your excellent Institution, the attention and sympathy of some among the many young minds with whom that talented work comes in contact.

The bearer of this is a young Sciote, who goes to perfect himself in the art of printing, at the University press in Cambridge. He is a fine little fellow of fifteen, of correct principles and habits, and impressed with the most grateful respect for you, on account of the services rendered to his suffering country.

Remember me to the pupils by whom you were accompanied while here; and believe me yours, with high esteem and regard, L. H. SIGOURNEY."

On the meeting of the Blind Pupils, from the Institution at Boston, with the deaf and dumb, and the deaf, dumb and blind, at the Asylum in Hartford, May 22, 1833.

A mingled group, from distant homes,
In youth and health and hope are here,
But yet some latent evil seems

To mark their lot with frown severe;
And One there is,—upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice wreath'd chain is laid,
Mute Stranger, 'mid a world of sound,
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

And 'mid that group, her curious hands
O'er brow and tress intently stray,
Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,
For inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell,
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

But they of silent lip rejoice'd
In bright Creation's boundless store,
In sun and moon and peopled shade,
And flowers that gem Earth's verdant floor.
In fond affection's speaking smile,
In graceful motion's waving line,
And all those charms that Beauty sheds
On human form and face divine.

While they, to whom the orb of day
Was quench'd in "ever-during dark,"
Ador'd that intellectual ray
Which writes the Sun a glow-worm spark;
And in that blest communion joy'd
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,
And bid the tireless tongue exchange
The never wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound
The bliss of music's raptur'd thrill,
That linked melody of sound
Which gives to Man the seraph's skill.

So they, on whose young brows had turn'd
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,
Each, in his broken censor burn'd
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes,—they whom kind compassion deem'd,
Scanty with Nature's gifts endued,
Pour'd freshets from their bosom's fount,
The gushing tide of gratitude:
And with that tide, a moral flow'd,
A deep reproof to those who share,
Of light, and sound, and speech, the bliss,
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

ADDITIONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY THE LATE MR. O'KEEFE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladdest moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1826, of the two volumes of his 'Recollections,' the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleanings of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

A Desperate Humourist.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called the 'facetious Tom Ecclin.' One day walking over the Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-st. to Capel-st. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. 'Well, then,' said he, 'cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will.' With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swam in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-council-men, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Stankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas, who generally took a wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Stankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said,

'Alderman Stankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you do so?'

'Sir,' said the alderman, gravely, 'I never jumped off Essex Bridge.'

'Oh! did not you? I heard you did.'

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

'But, Alderman, what the d—! could possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?'

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantelpiece. He took it down, and showed it to the citizen, and read under it 'The facetious Tom Ecclin.'

'Ah, true! it was Tom that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Stankey, it was not you that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!'

Early Introduction.

When my brother Daniel was brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from his infancy), I was a child in frocks (or rockets, as we called them then,) and he in boy's clothes—a light long surtout coat, and three-cocked hat. I was so fond and proud of him that I got into a fancy of introducing him to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and knocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were opened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to both of us, 'This is my brother Dan!' The doors were often shut in our faces.

A Human Warbler.

In the year 1759 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music.—He had an evening custom (like the Paris 'Rossignol') of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

Forrester, the Irish Artist.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was 'the facetious Tom Ecclin,'—'Mill Cusheen,' distinguished for a form not like any body else in the world,—'Bryan the Fool,' an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also 'Garretty Whistle,' dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat,—and 'Peg of Finglass,' a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her,—and 'Blind Daniel the Piper,' whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd around him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, 'Enough for nothing!'; the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and, in the dreadful riots between the 'Liberty' and 'Ormond' parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Hierasilus with the Romans and Sabines) would step forth between the ferocious bands,

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 25.

THE HAPLESS ONES.

The beautiful and feeling verses annexed are from the gifted pen of Mrs. Sigourney. Her muse is most vigorous and effective on subjects like the present. Indeed, what heart, capable of poetic inspiration, would be untouched by such a scene as is here recorded?

She "upon whose soul affliction's thrice-wreath'd chain is laid"—to quote the well-chosen language of the writer—is Julia Brace, the interesting girl resident at the Asylum, who is at once deaf, dumb, and blind. Our readers will remember an affecting account of this desolate yet contented fellow-being, contained in No. 7 of the last volume of the *Atlas*.—*N. Y. Atlas*.

We have been favoured with a copy of the following letter and poetry.—*Boat. Cent.*

"Hartford, Monday, June 3, 1833.

DR. HOWE: My dear Sir—Will you permit me to prove to you the impression made on my feelings by your graphic description of the meeting of your pupils with those of our Asylum—by sending you a few stanzas which were thus prompted? I have also copied them this morning for the Editor of the *Juvenile Miscellany* in this city, hoping they might aid in leading towards your excellent Institution, the attention and sympathy of some among the many young minds with whom that talented work comes in contact.

The bearer of this is a young Sciote, who goes to perfect himself in the art of printing, at the University press in Cambridge. He is a fine little fellow of fifteen, of correct principles and habits, and impressed with the most grateful respect for you, on account of the services rendered to his suffering country.

Remember me to the pupils by whom you were accompanied while here; and believe me yours, with high esteem and regard, L. H. SIGOURNEY."

On the meeting of the Blind Pupils, from the Institution at Boston, with the deaf and dumb, and the deaf, dumb and blind, at the Asylum in Hartford, May 22, 1833.

A mingled group, from distant homes,
In youth and health and hope are here,
But yet some latent evil seems

To mark their lot with frown severe;
And One there is,—upon whose soul
Affliction's thrice wreath'd chain is laid,
Mute Stranger, 'mid a world of sound,
And lock'd in midnight's deepest shade.

And 'mid that group, her curious hands
O'er brow and tress intently stray,
Hath sympathy her heart-strings wrung,
That sadly thus she turns away?
Her mystic thoughts we may not tell,
For inaccessible and lone,
No eye explores their hermit-cell,
Save that which lights the Eternal Throne.

But they of silent lip rejoice'd
In bright Creation's boundless store,
In sun and moon and peopled shade,
And flowers that gem Earth's verdant floor.
In fond affection's speaking smile,
In graceful motion's waving line,
And all those charms that Beauty sheds
On human form and face divine.

While they, to whom the orb of day
Was quench'd in "ever-during dark,"
Ador'd that intellectual ray
Which writes the Sun a glow-worm spark;
And in that blest communion joy'd
Which thought to thought doth deftly bind,
And bid the tireless tongue exchange
The never wasted wealth of mind.

And closer to their souls they bound
The bliss of music's raptur'd thrill,
That linked melody of sound
Which gives to Man the seraph's skill.

So they, on whose young brows had turn'd
The warmth of Pity's tearful gaze,
Each, in his broken censor burn'd
The incense of exulting praise.

Yes,—they whom kind compassion deem'd,
Scanty with Nature's gifts endued,
Pour'd freshets from their bosom's fount,
The gushing tide of gratitude:
And with that tide, a moral flow'd,
A deep reproof to those who share,
Of light, and sound, and speech, the bliss,
Yet coldly thank the Giver's care.

ADDITIONAL RECOLLECTIONS, BY THE LATE MR. O'KEEFE.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers some fresh records of the life of one to whose exertions many of the living, and still more of the dead, have been indebted for some of the gladdest moments which their social existence has known. After the publication, in 1826, of the two volumes of his 'Recollections,' the veteran dramatist was instigated, on hearing them read over to him by his daughter, to call forth from the stores of his memory several anecdotes and traits of character which had not suggested themselves during the composition of the work. These were penned down at his dictation by the hand of the same affectionate assistant, and are here offered as the gleanings of that field whose harvest has previously created so much enjoyment. As they consist of detached remembrances, we give them under separate heads, as follows:—

A Desperate Humorist.

Tom Ecclin was a gentleman not over rich, but noted in Dublin for out-of-the-way conduct and humour, and most extravagant oddity of behaviour. He was called the 'facetious Tom Ecclin.' One day walking over the Essex Bridge, he went up to a lady who was quite a stranger to him, and told her he had been her adorer many years, at the same time imploring her pity and her favourable regard to his addresses. The lady, astonished and hurt at his audacity, scarcely answered him, and walked on in her way from Essex-st. to Capel-st. He got before her, and again facing her, said that she was the most beautiful of angels, that life to him was nothing if attended with her indifference, &c. The lady still walked on, and he kept close to her side. 'Well, then,' said he, 'cruel fair one! you are resolved to see me perish—and you shall—and I will.' With these words he took a spring, jumped upon the balustrade of the bridge, and leaped into the Liffey! Of course the lady screamed, and a crowd gathered, and all was consternation. It was some time before the intelligence was obtained that he had safely swam in his clothes to the slip at the Bachelor's Walk.

The above circumstance was the subject of much wonderment for a few days. Some time after, there was a grand city dinner at a tavern called the Rose and Bottle, in Dame-street. The mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, common-council-men, and so forth, met in confederate conviviality. One of the company was Alderman Stankey, who had served most of the city offices with rectitude and credit, but was of a grave and rigorous cast of mind. At the table was also an opulent citizen, not over brilliant in ideas, who generally took a wrong end of every rumour that might be afloat. Having heard of the above adventure of the facetious Tom Ecclin and the lady, he got it into his wise head that it was Alderman Stankey who had performed this ridiculous exploit. After the cloth was removed, when all was sober hilarity, and pleasant decorum, as expedient at a civic dinner, this heavy-brained guest turned to the alderman, and said,

'Alderman Stankey, what made you jump off Essex Bridge and swim to the Bachelor's Walk? Ah, the lady! True, but what made you do so?'

'Sir,' said the alderman, gravely, 'I never jumped off Essex Bridge.'

'Oh! did not you? I heard you did.'

And still, at the second, third, and fourth circulation of the bottle, the worthy cit would turn to him again, and say, in a loud voice,

'But, Alderman, what the d—! could possess you to jump off Essex Bridge in your clothes, and swim to the Bachelor's Walk?'

This question, repeated every five minutes, greatly annoyed the alderman; nor could the other be convinced of his error, until one of the company luckily cast an eye upon Forrester's print over the mantelpiece. He took it down, and showed it to the citizen, and read under it 'The facetious Tom Ecclin.'

'Ah, true! it was Tom that jumped off the bridge. I recollect now, Alderman Stankey, it was not you that swam in your clothes to the Bachelor's Walk!'

Early Introduction.

When my brother Daniel was brought home to Dublin from Mullingar (where he had resided from his infancy), I was a child in frocks (or rockets, as we called them then,) and he in boy's clothes—a light long surtout coat, and three-cocked hat. I was so fond and proud of him that I got into a fancy of introducing him to everybody, whether I knew them or not. To do this, I thumped and knocked with my little fists and knuckles at people's doors till they were opened, and then I would say to them, although perfect strangers to both of us, 'This is my brother Dan!' The doors were often shut in our faces.

A Human Warbler.

In the year 1759 one of our associates, about twelve years of age, of the name of Bourke, was a kind of idol for his fine voice and exquisite taste in music.—He had an evening custom (like the Paris 'Rossignol') of climbing up into one of the high trees in the Beau Walk on Stephen's Green, there to sit and sing. His melodious doings attracted the company to that spot. The sole motive with this boy was the pleasure he gave his hearers.

Forrester, the Irish Artist.

Forrester took a fancy to make etchings of the singular characters in Dublin, for which each person sat to him. There was 'the facetious Tom Ecclin,'—'Mill Cusheen,' distinguished for a form not like any body else in the world,—'Bryan the Fool,' an idiot with a curly head, who used to walk through the streets in a long coat, with a belt buckled round him. There was also 'Garretty Whistle,' dressed in a fantastic manner, who went about the town beating a little drum, and wearing sundry feathers all round his hat,—and 'Peg of Finglass,' a large bulky woman, clean, and smartly dressed, but without a bonnet; she went from door to door, not begging, but talking to people, and making them talk to her,—and 'Blind Daniel the Piper,' whose mode was to play on his pipes until he gathered a crowd around him, and then to stop in the middle of the tune, saying, 'Enough for nothing!'; the words of this broad hint were engraved underneath his portrait. All these etchings displayed marked genius.

Another of the individuals who afforded exercise to Forrester's talent was Father Murphy, a priest of exemplary character, who died in my childhood. He was a fine preacher, and, in the dreadful riots between the 'Liberty' and 'Ormond' parties, when even the military were unable to quell these desperadoes, Father Murphy (like Heraclitus with the Romans and Sabines) would step forth between the ferocious bands,

calm and undaunted. When his presence had made all silent, he addressed them with a few words of eloquence, and immediately the combatants dispersed their several ways—the 'Ormond' party back over the bridge to Ormond market and its precincts, and the 'Liberty' faction up across Thomas-street to their looms and habits of industry. In those horrid conflicts some lives were lost.

When Father Murphy died, Forrester made a cast from his face, and also drew a fine likeness of him, which he engraved. It represented him dressed in his white surplice and scapulary. The face was rather large and full, with dark eyebrows, and wig. All the above characteristic portraits by Forrester were whole-lengths, except this of Father Murphy, and none of them were caricatures. This ingenious artist was sent by the Dublin Society to study at Rome, where I suppose, he died, for I never heard of him since.

The Ruling Passion strong in "Youth."

In my juvenile days some one gave me a note to Digges the actor, that he might put me in to see the play. I was brought through the dark lobbies, and up and down many stairs and windings, to his dressing-room, where I found him preparing himself for his part that night of Young Norval. There were six large wax candles burning before him, and two dressers in attendance. I was struck with awe, almost to veneration. After suffering me for a sufficient time to stare at him with astonishment, he said 'Take the child to the slips!' and I was led through the carpenter's gallery, the cloudings and thunder-boxes, and placed in a good seat, where I saw the play with great delight.

A few evenings afterwards, I was resolved to see another play. Being acquainted with a youth who was one of the band, and apprentice to Mountain, my grand object was to get to sit by him in the orchestra, and see the opera. Intent on this, I thrust my hat into my pocket, and rushed in from the street at the stage-door, where old Taase kept the hatch-door, with spikes on it. 'What the plague is the boy at?' he cried, as I dashed past him up the stairs. I then ran down again, got under the stage, and hid in the sedan chair kept there for 'High Life below Stairs.' My purpose was to sit snug till the going-up of the curtain, and then to join my young friend in the orchestra. One of the scene-men, however, discovered me, and turned me out of the house, just before the curtain went up. This was a sad disappointment; but many a night afterwards did I sit in the orchestra to see a play, through the kindness of the band, who were told of the above adventure, and some of whom lived long enough to move an elbow to Darby's serenade of 'Good-morrow to your night-cap!' and Dermott's 'Sleep on, sleep on!' in my own 'Poor Soldier.' I had also the satisfaction of procuring for more than two or three of them engagements among the band at Covent-Garden Theatre, through my influence with Mr. Thomas Harris.

An Offence to Doctorial Dignity.

It was the custom in my youth for all medical people, old and young, to wear very large well-powdered wigs. A schoolfellow of mine, Lofty (Loftus) Dempsey, at Father Austin's, was, when about fourteen years of age, consigned as pupil to a very eminent surgeon. I had not seen young Lofty for some time, until I met him accidentally in Chequer-lane. I spoke to him in my way, as my friend and fellow-student, jovially, and in high glee. He, in his way (or rather in that of his new profession,) just gave me a nod, tossed up his be-wigged head, and was passing me, as I thought, very proudly.

He was dressed in a full suit of black, with large cuffs, and deep skirts to the waistcoat, gray silk stockings with white clocks, long-quartered shoes, and large cut-polished steel buckles, inlaid with gold, and lace ruffles to the last joint of his fingers—while his

enormous powdered wig, frizzed and raised up high behind, showed his poll uncovered, except the shining paste stock-buckle, and his very big three-cocked hat, coming down upon his left brow.

Thus caparisoned, young Lofty Dempsey paced on with the gravity of professional consequence. nettled at his superciliousness, I forthwith took three steps after him, seized his wig by the friz, snatched it off, and threw it over the hatch-door of a little huckster's shop. He was confounded with shame and vexation, for there he stood, in full view of all the smiling passers-by, with his closely-shaven bald head at the shop-door, calling to the little old woman within to hand him out his wig.

As he was much older and taller than myself, I ran away in full laughter towards Graffon-street, lest his anger should give his surgical skill a new job.

A Terrific Joke.

I was one day, when a boy, at the Anatomical Theatre in Dublin, with a party of young friends, pupils to surgeons. Whilst I was gazing about, absorbed in wonder and curiosity, they, in their wagery, contrived to slip out, one by one, and leave me alone in the middle of the room. Anon, I heard a rattling sort of noise close at my ear. I turned round, and there, at my elbow, stood a complete full-grown skeleton, nodding his head, shaking his bones, and grinning at me! He had descended from his usual place (that part of the roof immediately over the centre of the room,) by means of a cord and pulley, through which appliances he could be occasionally let down so as to stand upon the floor.

Mossop and the Call-Boy.

In most affairs of life where the duty of station is expected, the descending to pleasantry with ignorant subordinates is a hazardous practice. One night in the green-room, while Mossop stood talking to some of the other performers, with his back to the fire, and himself dressed in full puff as Cardinal Wolsey, with rich crimson satin robe, lace apron, and cardinal's hat, the call-boy, in the course of his duty, came to the door, and after first looking at the paper he had in his hand for the names he had to call, said aloud, as was proper, 'Mr. Mossop!'—'Gone up the chimney,' was the thoughtless answer of the great actor and manager. 'Glad of it, sir,' was the part reply of the call-boy, who went his way immediately. Mossop, with whom it was at that time a point of strong expediency to maintain his dignity and keep on the stilt, was suddenly struck with confusion at his imprudence. He turned away from the half-averted looks of the vexed performer, and inwardly censured himself for thus absurdly lowering his own importance.

Woodward as Harlequin.

Woodward, besides being so fine a comedian, was excellent in Harlequin. In one of the pantomimes he had a scene in which he acted as if eating different kinds of fruit. Soft music was played; he came on—sat at a table (on which there was placed nothing,) and made pretence of taking up the stalk of a bunch of currents. Then, holding high his hand with the points of finger and thumb compressed, he seemed to shake the stalk, and to strip off the currents with his mouth. In like manner he would appear to hold up a cherry by the stalk, and, after eating it, to spurt the stone from his lips. Eating a gooseberry, parsing an apple, sucking an orange or peach, all were simulated in the same marvellous fashion. In short, the audience perfectly knew what fruit he seemed to be eating by the highly ingenious deception of his acting.

Woodward's chief excellence lay in his attitudes, which he adapted to the music, according to the vicissitudes demanded by the various passions represented. Hence he was called the 'Attitude Harlequin.'—There was always another Harlequin for jumping through walls and windows, and such matters of routine. One night by some blunder, the two Harle-

quins met each other full in the centre of the stage, which set the audience in a clamour of laughter.

Smock Alley, the rival theatre, availed itself of this mistake in a comedy where one of the characters was made to say to another,—"Ha! we meet here like two Harlequins on Crow-street stage!"

This reminds me of another odd trifle. A stupid kind of actor, being in a room where by accident the light was extinguished, came out with the would-be brilliancy of—"Hey! we're now all of a colour, like Harlequin's jacket!"—*N. M. Mag.*

MR. TRELAWNEY.

A report that this gentleman was in this country has been noticed, but with a doubt of its authenticity. Since that time, testimony from various quarters assures us of the confidence of many intelligent persons that the report was well founded. It is at least established that some one who passes for Mr. T. has been travelling in different parts of the United States, and in Canada. The Cincinnati Chronicle specially informs us that he has been in that city, and we hear of him as fallen in with, if we mistake not, by the Editor of the Portland Advertiser, in his recent tour, and by others.

Mr. T. is favourably known to the literary world by his "Adventures of a Younger Son;" and is recollected as a companion of Lord Byron in his days of political as well as poetic celebrity.

One of the most prominent events in the life of Mr. T. and which was nearly its closing scene, is thus related in Dr. Howe's "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution."

"The next object was to get possession of the grotto or mountain retreat of Ulysses; and it was a most difficult one to accomplish; for force could not effect it; starvation could not, for it was well supplied with provisions; and as for fraud, it was not to be expected, for the cavern was held by an Englishman, Trelawney, who had so far ingratiated himself with Ulysses as to obtain the hand of his sisters, and he now bid all Greece defiance. The capture of it was effected only after much lost time, and the occurrence of deeds within it, the relation of which would appear more like romance than history. Trelawney, after having been desperately wounded,* and perhaps getting fatigued with his solitary situation, retired with his young bride, and passed to the Ionian islands.

* This affair has been variously represented, and as the character of some Englishmen, and an American, as well as that of Mavrocordato, must depend something upon the explanation given of it; and as my acquaintance with the particulars, I am induced to give them. Ulysses had, in the opinion of many, been false to his country; he had, it was confidently asserted, tried to procure the assassination of Mavrocordato; at any rate, he was virtually setting the government at defiance, though keeping up the appearance of submission. His favorite resort and strong hold, and which he preferred to the Acropolis of Athens, was a remarkable cavern on Mount Parnassus, the entrance to which cannot be attained, except by climbing up a precipice by the help of ladders; it is very spacious, and contains in one of the apartments a living spring, and the rocks so hang down over the mouth of it, that no shot or bomb can be thrown into it; it is divided by nature into different apartments, and art has formed store rooms, magazines, and every necessary for the reception of a supply of provisions for years. Trelawney was left by Ulysses in possession of this cavern.

Fenton was a Scot, a young man endowed with great personal advantages, but a cold blooded deliberate ruffian; he was admitted to the cavern by Trelawney, and became his pretended friend; he soon offered to go to Napoli and act as a spy upon the go-

vernment; but he was, at the same time, in correspondence with government, through the agency of Mr. Jarvis, and had offered to procure the capture or death of Ulysses, and the delivery of the cavern into the hands of government, on the payment of a certain sum. Being informed by Jarvis that his plan would be listened to, Fenton started for Napoli. On arriving at Napoli, he had several interviews with Mavrocordato; what plans were agreed upon is not known; this is known, that in some of his letters to Jarvis, Fenton had offered to kill Ulysses and Trelawney, if necessary. After making his arrangements with government through Mavrocordato, secretary of state, Fenton, in order the better to conceal from the inmates of the cavern, that he had been plotting treason against them, induced the government to issue a public order for him to quit Napoli in two hours, as being a suspicious person. He then went in the cave and told Trelawney every thing, and that he had persuaded government he was sincere in his offer to murder his friend and benefactor; of course Trelawney would discredit any accounts he might hear of it, as he could not conceive such baseness possible. Still Fenton went on hatching his plot, and the strangest part of the story is, that he chose for the instrument of his crime, a young Englishman of family and education, and that the arch villain should be able to persuade him to it. His victim (for I must call Whitcomb the victim) was about nineteen years of age, had been a midshipman in the British service, and had come to Greece burning with enthusiasm for her cause, and still more with a desire to distinguish himself by some daring act; he was full of vanity and ambition, daring and headstrong, indeed, but generous and proud; and I believe, would then have shuddered at the bare thought of what he was afterwards induced to commit. He left the party of soldiers with which we were, and in the mere spirit of wandering, went to the cavern of Ulysses; he was met by Fenton, and carried up the cavern. In one single day Whitcomb became the admirer of Fenton; thought him the noblest, the most romantic, the bravest of men; in one day more he thought him injured and abused by Trelawney, learned to hate Trelawney, believed that Trelawney despised him, and meditated injuring him; and on the third day he swore eternal friendship to Fenton, and that he would stand by him at all hazards, in any attempt to regain what he believed his rights. Still, Fenton dared not propose his horrid plan; he had wound his coil about his victim, but feared that the spring of virtue might not yet be poisoned. Two days more were passed in riot and drinking, and Whitcomb was excited by wild plans of power, and of becoming prince of the surrounding province, if Fenton could become master of the cavern, and there was only Trelawney in the way. On the sixth day they were to meet Trelawney after dinner on the ledge, in front of the cavern, to practice pistol firing; this was the moment Fenton chose for the execution of his plan; he got Whitcomb intoxicated, and made him believe that he feared Trelawney had a plot to murder them both. Whitcomb swore to stand by his friend to the last, and promised to be ready on any signal. It was Trelawney's first fire, and after hitting the mark, he went a little forward, and in his usual cold, unsocial way, stood with his back to them; Fenton raised his carbine, (which was not loaded,) and pointing it at Trelawney, snapped—he looked with pretended dismay at Whitcomb, as begging him to second him, cocked and snapped again; 'He turned upon me such a look—I knew not what I did—I raised my gun, pulled the trigger, and fell from my own emotions!' these were the words of the mad boy, who had become all but an assassin. Two balls with which his gun was loaded, had lodged in the back of Trelawney, and he was apparently dying.

The soldiers rushed in, and Whitcomb heard the

voice of Fenton, who was supporting Trelawney, crying, 'There is the young traitor; shoot him, cut him down, do not let him speak;' but Whitcomb ran, gained an inner apartment, and taking off his sash, fastened it, and threw himself over the precipice. By some strange means he got safely to the bottom; after running some time he was met by some soldiers of Ulysses, and carried back to the cavern half distracted. On entering, he asked, 'Where is Fenton?' 'At your feet;' and he looked down upon his bleeding corpse. There was a Swiss in the cavern who had seen the transaction; he had seen the emotion of Whitcomb before the affair, and could not believe he committed the act; and when he heard Fenton crying out to kill him, without letting him speak, he became convinced; he ordered a soldier to fire upon him; the ball just passed Fenton's head—he turned round quickly, and seeing the Swiss, whom he knew to be a dead shot, aiming another musket at him—without showing the least emotion, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, 'Fire again, I am ready;' received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan. Whitcomb was put in irons, and kept in till Trelawney, against all human expectation, recovered a little. He ordered him to be brought before him, his irons taken off, and he set at liberty; nor did he seem to have the least idea that Whitcomb had fired upon him, and he continued to treat him kindly.—Whitcomb said, 'I could not stand this generosity; I confessed to him the whole; I even gave it him in writing, and he dismissed me. Trelawney recovered, and Whitcomb is ruined and desperate; he has blighted the hopes of his highly respectable mother, and wounded the pride of his brave brothers, who are officers of the British army.'

MARY OF BURGUNDY; OR, THE REVOLT OF GHEENT.

We cannot hesitate in calling this decidedly the very best romance that Mr. James has produced. The mystery and the interest are alike well sustained, and the principal character delineated with a degree of dramatic power that marks those happier creations of the author, which stand out from the common run of fictitious heroes. Albert Maurice, the young burgher, is a noble conception, well filled up, and in good keeping with the time when the demarcations of society were so badly drawn, and yet oftentimes so suddenly reversed. The period, too, is one of much attraction. * * * These volumes present a most animated picture of the period, with its tumults and troubles, its forests swarming with freebooters, its nobles still looking upon themselves as earth's favored ones, its burghers growing every day more conscious of their importance; and the one or two of heightened minds, who, inspired by patriotism, planned more important schemes for the benefit of their own native lands and towns. Such are the materials which have been wrought out with animation worthy of those stirring days; while the repose of so sweet and gentle a being as Mary of Burgundy is in excellent relief to the darker shadows of the picture. The ensuing passages may shew with what grace the embellishments are thrown in. We shall only premise, that Albert Maurice is the young burgher on whose talent and influence with his fellow-citizens most of the story turns:—

"Every one knows that, in the early dawn of a Sicilian morning, the shepherds and the watchers on the coast of the Messinese Strait will sometimes behold, in the midst of the clear unclouded blue of the sky, a splendid but delusive pageant, which is seen also, though in a less vivid form, amongst the Hebrides. Towers and castles, domes and palaces, festivals and processions, arrayed armies and contending hosts, pass, for a few minutes, in brilliant confusion before the eyes of the beholders, and then fade away,

as if the scenes of another world, for some especial purpose, conjured up for a moment, and then withdrawn for ever from their sight. Thus there are times, too, in the life of man, when the spirit, excited by some great and stirring passion, or by mingling with mighty and portentous events, seems to gain for a brief instant a confused but magnificent view of splendid things not yet in being. Imagination in the one case, and hope in the other, give form and distinctness to the airy images, though both are too soon doomed to fade away amidst the colder realities of the stern world we dwell in. The mind of Albert Maurice had been excited by the scenes he had just gone through; and success, without making him arrogant, had filled him full of hope. Each step that he took forward seemed but to raise him higher, and each effort of an enemy to crush him, seemed, without any exertion of his own, but to clear the way before him. Such thoughts were mingling with other feelings—brought forth by the sight, and the voice, and the smile of Mary of Burgundy, when the sudden call to her presence woke him from such dreams; but woke him only to shew to his mind's eye a thousand confused but bright and splendid images, as gay, as glittering, as pageant-like, but as unreal also, as the airy vision which hangs in the morning light over the Sicilian seas. Fancy at once called up every thing within the wide range of possibility—battles and victories, and triumphant success, the shout of nations and of worlds, the sceptre, the palace, and the throne, with a thousand indistinct ideas of mighty things danced before his eyes for a moment, with a sweeter and brighter image, too, as the object and end of ambition, the reward of mighty endeavour, the crown, boon of infinite success. But still he felt and knew even while he dreamed, that it was all unreal; and as he followed the messenger with a quick pace, the vision faded, and left him but the cold and naked truth. At length, after passing through several chambers which flanked the hall of the audience, the door of a small apartment, called the bower, was thrown open, and the young burgher stood once more before Mary of Burgundy. One of the most painful curses of high station is that of seldom, if ever, being alone; of having no moment, except those intended for repose, in which to commune with one's own heart, without the oppression of some human eye watching the emotions of the mind as they act upon the body, and keeping sentinel over the heart's index—the face. Mary of Burgundy was not alone, though as much alone as those of her station usually are: she stood near a window, at the other side of the apartment, with her soft rounded arm and delicate hand twined in those of one of her fair attendants—Alice of Imbercourt—on whom she leaned slightly, while the Lord of Imbercourt himself stood beside her on the other hand; and, with his stately head somewhat bent, seemed, with all due reverence, to give her counsel upon some private matter of importance."

How beautifully the next landscape is blended with human associations!—

"It was towards that period of the year which the French call the short summer of St. Martin, from the fact of a few lingering bright days of sunshiny sweetness breaking in upon the autumn, as a memorial of the warmer season gone before. The sky was full of light, and the air full of heat; and the grand mass of high grey clouds that occasionally floated over the sun were hailed gladly for their soft cool shades, although the day was the eleventh of November. Sweeping over the prospect, like the mighty but indistinct images of great things and splendid purposes, that sometimes cross a powerful but imaginative mind, the shadows of the clouds moved slow over hill and dale, field and forest. Now they cast large masses of the woods into dark and gloomy shade, and left the rising grounds around to stand forth in light and sparkling brightness, giving no bad image of the dark

memories that are in every heart, surrounded but not effaced by after-joys. Now they floated soft upon the mountains, spreading an airy purple over each dell and cavity; while, pouring into the midst of the valley, the bright orb of day lighted up tower, and town, and farm, and hamlet, and village spire, as hope lights up the existence of man, even while the many clouds of fate hang their heaviest shadows on the prospect round about him. The harmonious hue of autumn, too, was over all the world. Russet was the livery of the year; and the brown fields, preparing for the sower, offered only a deeper hue of the same colour, which, though varied through a thousand shades, still painted every tree throughout the woods, and sobered down even the grassy meadows with a tint far different from that of spring. The sky, with the sunshine that it contained, was all summer; but the aspect of every thing that it looked upon, spoke of autumn sinking fast in the arms of winter."

RURALIZING.

The English "Comic Magazine" devotes a short poem to "ridiculing the Cockney passion for rural scenery in the outskirts of London—say Primrose Hill—where itinerant venders of sundry wares are so apt to interrupt the musings of the sentimentalist." Other citizens may find entertainment in the picture:

"How beautiful to stand upon the hill,
And look with placid rapture to the sky,
Letting the chaste soul imbibe its fill
Of—'Here, my customers, my nice hot pies P'
Here Meditation, with its gentle voice,
Upon the unfetter'd spirit blandly calls,
And offers unto each lull'd heart the choice
Of—'Now then, four a-penny brandy-balls!
While raised above the city's noise, you spurn
Its mean contentions,—feeling you defy them;
Your breast is full of higher thoughts! ah, learn
In time to—'Crack and try before you buy them.'
Ah, yes! this rural and exalted spot
Each holier feeling, with a sigh, calls
Back on your mind; the world seems half forgot,
As if some saint were present—'Fine St. Michael's P'
Each turbid passion, hate, revenge, and spleen,
Subside at once; for anger lives not here,
But dies amid the glories of the scene,
And soon lies buried with the—'Ginger beer P'
Yet melancholy though the scene inspires,
Still animated feelings 'twill produce;
And oft such meditation nobly fires
The breast with vivid fancies—'Spruce, O, spruce P'
But now the shades of eve come on apace,
And in the plain below the sheep-bell tinkles;
Night draws the veil o'er nature's beauteous face,
Sol seeks his ocean-bed of—'Periwinkles.'"

A MOSQUITO WAR.

By Captain Basil Hall.

The gallant Captain speaks feelingly on his subject, but his style is in some instances less commendable for chasteness than for spirit.

"The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, generally made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of the cocoa-nut-oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bed-room in Hindustan), you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and, before proceeding further, you

must be sure you have effectually driven your enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tail and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's phrase, 'as if the devil kicked you on end!' Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the scoundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from the visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eye-lids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straitway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous flight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then give yourself

another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in the ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows!—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend. In this unequal warfare you pass the livelong night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places! At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless, and inglorious prey!"

A POETIC CORRESPONDENT.

We have received through the Post Office 28 lines of 'composition,' with which the writer, in his prefatory remarks, informs us we are at liberty to amuse our readers, provided we think it 'worth the pains of setting up the type.' Now, in truth, we do not think this effusion so valuable as it may seem to its writer, but as some amusement may be extracted from one or two of his 'verses,' 'here they *is*,' verbatim et literatim et punctuatim.

O! were I on the Ohio's side,
And with me L. N. as I hid;
We'd ramble by the limpid tide,
I'd court her to my bride.
I'd enclose to her a lover's heart,
But at its contents, behold she starts!
And extracts with caution and with art,
My bliss—my bane—the gorey dart.
Then heaved a deep—a heavy sigh,
As the Eagle prowling chance pass by;
Which bore with wonder to the sky,
Darts back the ruffled storms on high."

Miss L. N. must certainly be irrecoverably overcome by this sample of the contents of a lover's brain, if she starts at the unclosing of his heart. The brains and heart together must make a very original and inviting hotchpot for an amatory epicure.—*Lexington, Ky. Lit. Jour.*

Parliamentary Oratory.—"Sir," continued Mr. Jones, "I will not waste the incalculably valuable time of the House—(a general cry of 'hear')—by any observations of an irrelevant tendency, but will at once proceed to the subject of the debate, the diabolical, the life destroying tendency of the slave trade. ('Hear,' and a laugh.) Can he who tortures his fellow-creatures be ranked among mankind? He may wear the form of a man, but his kindness, sir, I should very much question. (A laugh and another cough.) The conduct of him who beats his slave beats any thing. (Question, question.) Gentlemen may cry question, but it won't answer. I will neither be unceremoniously taken up or rudely put down by any one of you."—*English pap.*

NEW YORK: JULY, 1833.